

# THE VVHIG CABALL.

**T**He sullen night worn thredbare, when I lay,  
Expecting the approach of early day :  
Such Loyal thoughts did in my bosom rage,  
As drew my curses on this factious Age :  
With tears I mourn'd our sinking Countrey's fate,  
And shadow'd glory of the royal State.

Till slumbring at the last, a glim'ring light,  
Methought was shown to my mysterious sight.  
When I descry'd a Treas'nous damn'd Cabal,  
Hells mounting Engines that would sink us all,  
And rise upon our King's and Countreys fall :  
Dark were their looks, and knowingly I saw,  
Villains they were, and such as fled the Law ;  
Printers, and those who had abus'd the times,  
Religion was their Cloak to hide their Crimes.  
Envious as Fiends, like Hells Divan they sate ;  
What would Hell more ? to ruin Church and State :  
So vile as these, it never could appear,  
Had the great Whig-land Lucifer been there.

When in an abrupt voice I heard one cry,  
*Romes* Idol-York shan't gorge our Liberty.  
Rowze up my Friends, our Ruin's more than fear'd,  
Their Bulls do roar so loud we can't be heard.

With that he paus'd----then said with much distress  
What shall we do ? The Tyde of our Success,  
Now seems to Ebb, nor can we hope for less :  
For even those, will now believe no more  
Our Shams, who judg'd them Miracles before.

Interest's our Hook, and Freedom is the Bait,  
Bondage but nam'd, you'l see Rebellion strait.  
Each weak Pretence deceives the easie crowd ;  
With them 'tis Law, what is by us allow'd.

But shallow are our Plots to searching eyes,  
They see what mischief at the bottom lies :  
Our Shrieffs and Jurys for their Ends-applause,  
With Ignoramus, Riots, prop our Caule ;  
They doubt of Peace from those that break the Laws ;  
There our designs are desp'rate, and so crost,  
Bold the attempt must be to gain what's lost :  
Zealous Rebellion must secure us all ;  
We cannot fail while we pretend a Call,!

With that like Fiends they Vanish'd and I woke,  
Whilst all amaz'd and troubled, thus I spoke :

O Wretched Land ! how prov'd thy curing Vain ?  
Sine thy old Wound is breaking out again,  
The whole's endanger'd by th' infected part ;  
But Heaven instruct our great Physician's art.  
There's one way left to heal this desp'rate wound ;  
Cut off the rotten for to save the found.

Were there no cause for this now needful blow,  
Religious Peace then through the Land would flow,  
So *Jebu Sion* purg'd, and Faith did grow.  
But let's Unite with pious joy to sing,  
Health to the Best----to *Englands* gracious King.  
Blest may he be, his Queen and Royal Bed ;  
And blest great *James*, whilst all their Foes lye dead,  
So we at last shall bruise the Serpents head.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Walter Davis* in *Amen-Corner*, 1682.